Poems (drafts)

- Brian Edwards

I remember now
that the world
isn't infinite
at some point
a long time
from now
a very .... very
long time
this place
where I am
right now
will be
consumed
by the Sun
what a sight
that would be
I ponder
waiting around
to see it
though of course
such a thing
isn't even
possible
this was simply
pondering
and with
pondering
you can at least
think about
impossible things
if you wish
to do so

***

- 1/19/2026

The world
out there
seems to be
getting
more crazy
by the day
I suspect that
a cloud of
dark energy
has been
lingering around
growing in size
as we feed it
what did
we ever know
of these things
the sacred dollar
has been placed
upon the altar
and wishes made
for it
to multiply
ever more
this ambition
gave us purpose
and we set
our eyes upon
great visions
of wealth
regardless
of the consequences
yet unseen
and hidden
from it all
there was the rub
something without
a distinct form
was energized
and turned loose
upon those
ambitious ones

***

- 1/19/2026

I see them there
the statues
weeping
they know
something
that we all know
yet many of us
are still
trying hard
to deny it
acceptance
does not always
go down easy
sometimes
the very
epiphany itself
is like
being bitten
by a bat
criminals
have been given
so many keys
by now
I never danced
before
and I won't
start now
such a thing
just doesn't seem
appropriate now
given the current
circumstances

***

- 1/19/2026

By the edge
of the sea
I reached back
through time
I saw
so many things
I discovered
so many memories
that the world
possesses
I walked
Athenian streets
to go and listen
to Socrates speak
about this
condition
that we mortals
find ourselves in
nothing now
could make me
contemplate
circumstances
more than
I already do
I went right
through
an invisible
hole in the wall
I forgot
that discussions
about eternity
would not
bring you
any closer
to realizing it
in this land
where so many
dreams are adrift
in the breeze

***

- 1/19/2026

I hear a song
originating
from the shadows
its melody
takes me back
to days when
the world
didn't seem
engulfed in
an invisible fog
that effects
the mind
our star maps
seem more like
puzzles
to us now
we have
broken through
only to find
that we are
no closer now
than before
in discovering
the source
of so many
mysteries
we are waiting for
a flagship
to arrive
from the Pleiades
we will connect
once again
with those
that have
seen worlds
beyond our ability
to imagine

***

- 1/19/2026

The light
doesn't seem
as bright
to me now
the walls
don't seem
as real
I am wandering
through
insomnia's valley
tonight
here where
no candles burn
yet only in
my own
misaligned thoughts
I didn't believe
in something
enough
I suppose
so please
bring me light
of a Sunrise
yet to happen
if you will
I have no money
yet I can
trade you
a flower
I plucked
from the summit
of Olympus Mons

***

- 1/19/2026

A usurper sits
upon the throne
a throne
that shouldn't exist
yet what you
are told
is not always
what you behold
with your own eyes
in a labyrinth
deep and hidden
they built
a throne
they brought it
into the world
in secrecy
though they
wouldn't
outwardly admit
to this deed
they have done
what they
have done
and now
a usurper reigns
making decrees
that should not
be made
they fooled many
and they laugh
and smirk
as the usurper
gazes upon
a globe
and ponders

***

- 1/19/2026

The propaganda
overload
has fried
the mind
and the soul
of so many
in these days
something
in the air
is not right
it's like
thick smoke
a dark fog
a vapor of old
remembrances
you can feel it
you can almost
feel it
pressing down
on you
like a dandy lion
crushed
under the boot
the propaganda
can become
like a drug
one you downplay
for awhile
until it's like
a fire within you
rising
frying the mind
that was once
more attuned
to something like
a small town
on a quiet
spring afternoon

***

- 1/19/2026

What I am
looking for
is the resolve
to endure
these cold days
these cold winds
these hours
when more
and more
pieces of
the world
seem to be
breaking off
drifting
in an ocean
of confusion
I wish to feel
the Sun
at last
behold the blue
of a clear sky
I wish to be
aware of why
the days
have brought
us here
to what end
what purpose here
serves the
weathervane
the Sundial
the old well
upon a hill
I need clarity
as to why
it has all
fallen under
a shadow

***

- 1/20/2026

Stability
does not flow here
like a river flows
sudden outburst
of hysteria
mingle
with the sky
in this land
where once
there were
so many dreams
now the worms
have ascended
to their boldest
aspirations
and where
where is there
a place
that we may
fly away to
there was
a time when we
would keep
a little essence
of the light
of stars
within ourselves
yet now
the advancing years
yield to us
only dull machinery
cacophony without
harmony
wind without
an old wisdom
natural melodies
fading
into raw noise

***

- 1/20/2026

I almost
see nothing now
the light
of the beacon
has just about
died out
still ...
so many
memories are
lingering there
though now
in a way
they seem like
cruel absurdities
the Sun
in our sky
doesn't seem
as bright
as it once did
we have
brought this about
ourselves
ignorance
can lead
to calamity
at night
hardly anyone
seems to notice
the stars
anymore
I see
almost nothing
my eyes
have adapted
to the shadows

***

- 1/20/2026

We moved
swiftly across
the plateau
where it is
always night
the air
was cold
the ground
was frozen
we moved east
hoping to get
far enough
within the next
few hours
to be able
to see
the glow
of the rising Sun
on the horizon
we knew
that if we saw
even a small
patch
of brighter sky
that we were
one step closer
to the end
of our journey
we would know
that soon
we would reach
the edge of
the plateau
where it is
always night
we would move on
into the light
of day

***

- 1/21/2026

We appear to be
moving
into the darkness
perhaps because
we have lost
sight of
the beacon
that showed us
the direction
to take
to the light
perhaps some
up there
towards the top
prefer the
darkness
over the light
perhaps they simply
do not understand
the darkness
perhaps they do not
contemplate
in advance
the misfortunes
that will befall us
if we continue
in this direction
perhaps they see
a bird
in the sky
and they think
nothing
they are perhaps
too automatic
in their reflecting
upon such things
too much
like a machine
they see the bird
they see
the blue sky
and yet
they do not
really see them
in any true sense
*** - 1/21/2026

I wish
to escape
to islands
in a sea
that is
invisible
to the
mortal eye
I wish
to dream up
my own exile
and make it
a reality
I wish
to escape
the curse
that is upon
a land
that has
offered up
its very soul
to the gargoyles
of time

***

- 1/21/2026

I do not seek
to understand
these days
the effort
seems not to be
worth all of
these tribulations
anymore
at a certain point
everyone
must see
for themselves
I hear
the distant thunder
I see the distant
lightning
a storm
is approaching
and there is
no place
where we can
find shelter
we must face
the storm
on our own
our tribulations
now are like
a wind
that does
not cease
we have
brought down
the wrath
of Olympians
we flew
too close
to the Sun
and we were
never meant to
now humbled
now left to behold
the distant lighting
a storm
grows near
*** - 1/22/2026

I can't even
recall now
the last
of the sane days
I wallow
in a shadow
of my own
conception
take me to
the place
where truth
actual truth
flows like
a river
it must exist
surely it does
we have heard
it spoken of
for so very long
and now
we have arrived
at twilight
to the place
of bonfires
we see them
glowing
from horizon
to horizon
a futile effort
it seems to me
to try and prevent
the light of day
from departing
yet it must
as is always so
night must
bring forth
its tapestry
there is no
plateau of fire
that can keep
the night
from falling

*** - 1/22/2026

I fall into
a kind
of slumber
that is only
partially realized
not even
the Moonlight
could keep me
from drifting away
when I've given
all that was
left in me
the cold machinery
of the whole
damn system
does not seem
to recognize
anyone's sacrifice
anymore
so much has been
simply handed over
to an unfeeling
methodical
automation
I look back
at yesterday
with a nostalgia
that is
all consuming
at times
I heard that echo
from the past
very clearly
I remembered
it then
and I remember
it now

***

- 1/22/2026

Weary of
the radiance
of the new
golden age
that glow
that shining
golden glow
it's everywhere
across America
and we
are winning now
winning more
than we could
have ever
imagined
we are winning
more than
we can handle
each day
brings more
and more wins
wins and gold
cheaper gas
and cheaper eggs
pay no mind
to the great hoaxes
you know
what I mean
think about
taking
a vacation soon
one could really
need it
after all of this
exhausting winning
in the new
golden age
for America

***

- 1/22/2026

A land
where things
are breaking down
where joy itself
has become
the howl
of the wolf
very little
seems to be
built upon
a strong foundation
anymore
they told us
that there was
a golden path
just ahead
to this day
we've never
found it
we searched
and searched
we found
only those people
that would gladly
give us
misguided teachings
with a smile
I surrendered
to one dream
and one dream only
though I have
long since
forgotten it now

***

- 1/23/2026

I will wait
for the Moonlight
to find me
it will eventually
I know this
as I know
politics
is a dirty game
I wish for
the stars
to bring me
into their
fellowship
I open
the bedroom
windows
and let in
the light
of a super nova
I am waiting
to gaze upon
the pale plateaus
of the Moon
cosmic illumination
from every direction
I want to know
how it all began
how it all
came to be
I am searching
for wisdom
so that I
can see through
and embrace
all of
these illusions

***

- 1/23/2026

Everything
seems to be
turning into
a surreal carnival
of epic intensity
these winter days
pass along
the fields of grass
are frozen
I sometimes
feel trapped
between one world
and another
feeling that I
belong completely
to neither
I am moving along
like a reed
cast into a river
drifting
drifting
to where
the eastern
horizon
shall be
a theater
of bright fire
the flames
of dawn
the color
reaches into
my very soul
while upon
this Earth
I remain
one who has
been witness
to the light
of miracles

***

- 1/23/2026

If I wished it
to be so
I could believe
in many things
I could even perhaps
quiet those
inner voices
that compel me
to doubt so much
I have envisioned
possessing
a blind faith
in something
if I wished it
I could allow
the winds
of chance
to triumph
once I achieve
a feeling
of certainty
about something
the doubts
begin to appear
like ravens
in a morning mist
such instability
is like the sand
beneath my feet
along the journey
of this day
I have seen much
contemplated much
believed in little
I have felt
curiosity
about possessing
a strong faith
if I wished it
to be so
I believe that
I could find it
within me

***

- 1/23/2026

At the edge
of a cliff
at the end
of an empire
at the last place
that is somewhere
before one reaches
the boundary
where nowhere
lies beyond
I filled
my mind
with speculation
too much
speculation
it doesn't always
carry over well
into the current
order of the world
which is an order
that has become
entangled
with the cycles
of history
here in this place
where the
nearest road
leads to nowhere
one must choose
their desired
destination
at the end
of an empire
one must look
within themselves
for what it is
they seek

***

- 1/23/2026

Cold
ice cold air
tonight
getting me
to believe
in a few
old stories
of ice realms
a beginning
in ice
and an ending
as well
how immaculate
it all seems
in its cruelty
no one
can make us
believe in
anything else
again
once we have
set eyes upon
the ice plateaus
the tectonic plates
made of
ancient ice
some say
a dragon's breath
once of flame
now of ice
so it goes
we are
as predictable
as a weathervane now

***

- 1/24/2026

It's all just
trickery
to the eyes
that can
no longer
detect deceptions
I am now
a mere shadow
of what I
once never was
every time
I try and
fall asleep
it seems like
I am immediately
thrown in
to where
the thorns
have mercy
they only
reflect memories
gazing upon
the clear
blue sky
light from
someplace
long ago
yearns to rise
to the surface
the calendar
is a lie
if you wasted
so much time
believing
in the snake oil
join me
in staring at
the Universe
wondering
what it all means

***

- 1/24/2026

Don't ever
ask me
about anything
pertaining
to anything else
if you
break it down
to the core
elements
we're learning
we're dreaming
we're flying
everything
around here
breaks into
fragments
eventually
the free press
offers us
consolations
about our freedoms
being slowly
taken away
they dance
they all dance
yet I never do
I have found
the perfect wine
that for me
is like
a glimpse
of eternal
ocean and sky

***

- 1/24/2026

So you know it
personally
so you
believe in it
personally
I am just
waiting here
in silence
waiting here
in silence
waiting for
the fog
to clear away
what I will
behold
when it does
and what
I will see
is an immaculate
riddle
sometimes
one person's truth
is another's
fabrication
now you only
know a little
about what's
out there
across
the cosmic stream
now you only know
a little more
about all of
those misconceptions
that rise up
from the ground
like a cornfield
all that
we see before us
us not exactly
the sum total
of everything
believe in
what you wish it
for the hourglass

is due to return
at the appointed hour

***

- 1/24/2026

Let us
sing to
the world
it's a simple
thing to do
yet it carries
great meaning
let us sing
to the world
instead of
trying to
undermine it
let us sing
to the world
in this
the eleventh hour
before
the arrival
of the storm
let us sing
sing
and sing
some more
let us sing
of all
the beauty
that is out there
in the world
so that
in the final
moments
we can say
that we did that
at least

***

- 1/24/2026

You may
find us out there
amidst
the desolation
among the ruins
of old telegraph
offices
we always knew
that it was
only a matter
of time before
the legions
returned
and marched again
towards
distant lands
with strange
customs
or so they seemed
to me
and so
they may seem
to thee
walk us through
ancient mausoleums
keep us connected
in heart
and soul
to the temple
of Apollo
after ninety
nine days
I shall look
to the north
and see
ravens approaching
surely it is
a sign
from the gods
the Olympians
are with you
valiant legions
of the longest night

***

- 1/24/2026

What did
you think of it
the place
where they ride
the eternal chariots
what do
your own reflections
bring you
as you behold
where the land
and the sky meet
ethereal dreams
invisible cathedrals
of oxygen
follow the path
of the Sun
as I follow
the same path
I follow
in the hope
that Helios
will speak to me
for a long time
I was without
the guidance
of immortal fire
for a long time
I was dreaming
of the reality
that I wanted
to exist
yet it didn't
the days
of tomorrow
follow us
across the plateau
of wind
and a sense
of being
without true
meaning
a place of void
where all purpose
dries up
immediately
*** - 1/24/2026

At last
I accepted
the realization
that we are in
the last hour
and cold
be it here
winter's
fatalistic
breath
breathed upon
the frozen ground
I have no false
daydreams
regarding
my destiny
any longer
I feel
the true light
of the Sun
which is
always true
I can feel it
and with
inner vision
I can see
the place
from where
it originates
something
like a temple
yet not of
human origin
I sometimes
find myself lost
in the deep chasms
between
these moments

***

- 1/24/2026

Now you
are shown
the light
within the light
of the dawn
that few
ever open
their eyes
to see
what were you
dreaming of
in this night
that so quickly
fades now
speak to me
an impossible
riddle
one with
a castle wall
and a moat
full of eels
sometimes
we sing about
the futility
of ever achieving
a true
understanding
sometimes
we allow
our own dreams
to get
the better
of us
as we go forth
through days
of enlightened
unknowing

***

- 1/24/2026

Tyrants
have grown up
like weeds
in our garden
they seek
to strangle
the colorful
flowers
and replace them
with their
bland
tyrannical
appearance
they seek
to chase away
the bees
and the butterflies
of summer
they seek to
replace them
with teleprompters
and loudspeakers
like weeds
like weeds
these tyrants
have appeared
in our garden

***

- 1/24/2026

They are
gaslighting
us all again
without
consideration
without
second thought
following
the plan
following
the project
they are
gaslighting
us all again
their words
have become
nothing
but mere illusions
like a fog
that almost
blocks out
the Sun
they do not
wish for you
to ask questions
somehow
they often seem
to have
an answer
to have
the full story
within such
a short
period of time
it's strange how
they know
the truth
to tell you
without even
knowing it
themselves
they wish
to thank you

if you were one
who did not
doubt them
go back
go back now
go back to
the golden age
that is upon us
and rejoice

***

- 1/24/2026

A time
is upon us
when we
shall be tested
by the goddess
of justice
when we must
try and understand
how the winds
of time
have swept
over us
like a snowstorm
we cannot
see far
down the road
ahead
we know not
when and where
we must turn
to avoid
calamity
we must
keep our
idealistic dreams
with us always
we must
understand
that time
does not always
choose a favorite
our obelisk
may one day
fall to
the ground
and when
it does
it shall never
stand upright
again

***

- 1/25/2026

These are days
of cold wind
that is certain
and from
the very earth
we feel
the trembling
of calamity
yet unknown to us
mysterious
mysterious
the mist of time
before our eyes
we ever wish
to know
the brighter days
again
now to you
hawk circling
above
give me
your omen
is it not why
you follow me
bring it forth
be it of fire
or be it of ice
reveal .... reveal
and let these
cold days
be envenomed
with truth
they shall pass
us by regardless
they shall be
embraced
by the cold wind
so reveal
and let me possess
that knowledge
that may bring
new beginning
to such visions

***

- 1/25/2026

When all the world
seems like
the reflection
in a broken mirror
to move cautiously
to move
with indifference
simply flip
a coin and decide
do you
even recognize
your homeland
anymore
with a cup
of hemlock
in hand
they proclaimed
that my philosophy
must never
be known
I have spoken
to the distant stars
in the gardens
of the constellations
I have read
the ancient scrolls
the sages
are few
and far between
in this land
the robber barons
are as numerous
as rotten apples
a new day
is approaching
one that will
usher in
great changes
a new day
that shall mark
the birth
of a new philosophy

***

- 1/25/2026

The snow
is falling now
and it seems like
it may fall
for eternity
with each
passing hour
the world
outside
my window
is buried
significantly more
soon perhaps
it will all be
covered over
and still
the snow
may fall
until all trace
of us
is no longer
visible
there will
just be snow
and a sky
of falling snow
and eternity
eternity
may be found here
at least
if that is
what you seek

***

- 1/25/2026

I woke up
to a foot
of snow
outside
I woke up
in a nation
experiencing
a plague
of madness
I woke up
seeing a bird
climbing high
very high
up in the sky
I thought
of Icarus
I don't
know why
and the snow
kept falling
and there's
a statue
of the poet
Homer
very near
a lovely beach
somewhere
I saw a picture
of it once
how I'd rather
be there
with the poet
Homer
how I could
do without
this foot
of snow
and the plague
of madness
out there
that I know
is spreading

***

- 1/25/2026

Bread and circus
ice and
river water
some words
have double meaning
some poems
convey a message
mine rarely do
some days
are better
than others
you get the idea
sometimes
the snow falls
for only
a short while
sometimes
you start
to believe
that it may
never end
I look out of
my kitchen window
I see New Jersey
disappearing
in the
falling snow
all that time
that has passed
from colonial times
to the present
this very moment
it is all vanishing
I see only
a land of snow
may the scribes
of tomorrow
discover
some great
meaning to it all

***

- 1/25/2026

Where has
my homeland gone
what is this
that has
taken its place
where they
so blatantly
deceive
they would
tell you
that the ocean
is the sky
and the sky
is the ocean
they can label
condemn
discriminate
and tell you
that it's
patriotism
what is
this place
I look around
and though
I should
I no longer
recognize it
the karma
is swinging
back around
and one day
you open
your eyes
in a strange place
that was once
your homeland
and it's gone
you know it
you feel it
inside
it's gone
despite the words
they say
they can never
be trusted now
it's gone

yet they always
have another story
to sell you

***

- 1/25/2026

When you allow
the golden idols
to take hold
of your mind
then you know
that the final
Sunset
won't be
too far behind
as rivers
are flowing
and memories
are flowing
with them
the deceived ones
have seized
the radio
transmitters
they broadcast
their own
interpretation
of Enlightenment
theories
and the damn
golden idols
they're still
out there
picking up
more and more
recruits
for the cult
that lives
in denial
once you realize
how crazy
the world truly is
a sense of dread
and a bleak
depression
often takes hold
you question
whether or not
it's all worth it
if you're lucky
by the end

of your life
you still
won't have
an answer

***

- 1/25/2026

Civilization
seems like
a void to me
is there anything
really there
anymore
vampires
and bankers
drained
the essence
out of society
a long time ago
now that it all
needs saving
we often
find ourselves
unable to commit
something took
the fire
and the passion
right out of us
we didn't
realize it
at the time
we do now
in a late hour
perhaps
it's too late
destiny
will give us
an answer soon
we will wait
we will wait
patiently
as we watch
the dove
fly away
for the last time

***

- 1/25/2026

Waking up
this morning
before
the Sun rises
yesterday
about a foot
of snow
fell from
the sky
later it rained
some of it
melted away
though just some
now it's
still dark
dark and cold
January
has been harsh
this year
I'm not sure yet
if I'll be
going to work
or if I'll
just stay home
if I stay home
I'll probably
mostly just
read and write
poems
for most of
the day
so here is
a true account
this morning
of snow
some of it
already gone
and I'm undecided
on what to do
with the day
perhaps the Sun
which I shall
see shortly
has a recommendation
for me
*** - 1/26/2026

A cold wind
howls
a butterfly
is remembered
yet not seen
my faith
in the old
social order
has crumbled
the Moon
was hardly
visible at all
this week
some people
completely forgot
that the cosmos
are even up there
I was tricked
by a snake oil
salesman
last year
that's a regret
that will
stay with me
the Moon
is hiding
from us
this morning
I don't see it
anywhere
I don't see
the Sun
nor any birds yet
either
it's still
very early
I should still be
asleep perhaps
yet some strange
force
pulled me away
from that shore

***

- 1/26/2026

A bright land
has grown dark
the avenue
just beyond
will take you
to the fading
civilization
if you wish
to go there
I've seen enough
and prefer
to remain
in a solitary land
I've seen things
change
over the course
of time
cycles of the wind
I've searched
for a fountain
of youth
that didn't exist
I've brought forth
new ideas
about isolation
I've believed
many foolish
things
in my time
I've listened
to fools
much too often
I've acknowledged
the futility
of understanding
I've been lost
wandering
in a dream
that ended
decades earlier

***

- 1/26/2026

There's little left
to discover
in this place
so we must
move along
to a different place
where discovery
is still
a hidden possibility
I have no words
to explain
how the winds
of time
have been
frequently
changing direction
the things
I heard spoken
on the news
those words
are now scattered
to the
four corners
of the long gone
Byzantine empire
empires
come and go
their light
in this world
is only temporary
time is
the ultimate wind
it changes
everything
eventually
tides come in
and tides
go back out
such is the way
with many things
light ... darkness
the Moon
the Sun
the sky
the clouds
the sea
*** - 1/26/2026

So we have
beheld
the essence
of a time
in this world
dissipate
into a sky
of twilight
the clouds appear
like blazing
kingdoms
of solar dreams
we move
in directions
that at first
glance
appear inviting
yet on our
approach
turn out to be
plateaus of thorns
and some of us
are still
patiently waiting
to hear the music
of the Moon
we wait
and wait
our eyes
gazing upwards
towards
the Sea of Tranquility

***

- 1/26/2026

What wisdom
I may have
is quickly
departing me
like the geese
of Autumn
flying south
what is
the wise thing
to do
the answer
keeps changing
I believe
consistency
is a reward
for the
indifferent
the days go by
night falls
the stars
are seen
sometimes
people gaze
up at them
ponder
for a few
moments
then move along
back to the world
of worldly affairs
my wisdom
is like the sand
in an hourglass
being used up
as the moments
go by
perhaps someday
I'll pack up
and head South
to someplace
warmer
perhaps I'll
meet up again
with the geese
of winter
***
- 1/26/2026

Out in
the dream desert
where the mirages
wait for me
I never experience
a sense
of feeling lost
out there
I feel a sense
of belonging
out there
in the dream desert
where time itself
is like
the glowing light
of an oil lantern
things that
were once
and things
that will be
someday
appear to me
upon the sand
out in
the dream desert
where there are
a few flowers
not many
but a few
and they speak
to the stars above
by some means
of telepathy
out there
where the sages
and the prophets
wander
in search
of epiphany
out there
in the dream desert
with open eyes
that see across
the threshold
of every dawn

and every twilight
that awaits us
in the future

***

- 1/26/2026

Out in the forest
there is
an immaculate
silence to
be found
yet it is not
an absolute
silence
for the trees
do speak
and you can
hear them
if you've tuned
your ears
to listen
what they
tell you
is for your ears
alone
you must choose
what you will do
with the information
given
and from then
onward
you will hear
you will know
the story
of a great
many things
and from there
you will
be able to hear
the voices
the words
the speaking
of the Moon
and the Sun
and from there
the stars
the galaxy
the great garden
of all creation

***

- 1/26/2026

What are you
dreaming
about now
songs and doves
in the late morning
snow and ice
is what you'll see
gazing out of
the window
I am moving
back and forth
across a horizon
within the confines
of my own thoughts
I awoke
in a desert
that was a memory
I can remember
I can contemplate
I can defy
the laws of gravity
so that I may be
one whose voice
is heard
among ancient ruins
I may be
one whose voice
is heard
upon galleons
out at sea
I am pretending
that I have
annihilated
my regrets
I have been
exiled
to the city
that lies
just under
the Sun
far out there
on the plateau
of mystical ice
just under
the Sun

***